The World.

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WAGES AND EFFICIENCY.

HIGH wages depend upon the value and the quantity of the product of labor. No employer can profitably continue paying wages in excess of the value which the labor paid for creates. It is therefore necessary that labor shall be efficient in order that wages may be high.

The dearest labor is not that for which the highest wages are paid, but that which is the least efficient and produces least. If a skilled bricklayer lays 2,000 bricks a day and receives $6 wages, his labor is cheaper than that of a bricklayer receiving $4 and laying 1,000 bricks.

Where the labor is employed in the operation of costly machinery its actual cost depends even more upon its efficiency. If the operator on a typesetting machine set 50,000 ems in eight hours, and he was paid $5 a day, the labor cost would be 10 cents a 1,000. If he set 20,000 ems a day and was paid $4 wages the labor cost would be 20 cents.

But the labor cost of the operator in any machine production is only part of the cost. There are the value of the machine, the power, floor space and material which it uses, the cost of keeping it in repair, the cost of maintaining the building, light and heat. These are little more when a machine produces twice as much as when it produces half as much.

It correspondingly follows that low wages do not in themselves decrease the cost. A reduction in wages accompanied with diminished efficiency of dissatisfied workmen increases instead of diminishes the cost of production. Also increased wages, unless accompanied with increased efficiency, increase cost.

President Stickney, of the Chicago Great Western Railway, explains the bankruptcy of his road by the decreased efficiency of the trainmen and repair men. He says that increases in wages account for only a third of the increased cost of operation. The other two-thirds come from the increase in wrecks, collisions and damage to the railroad's property. Repairs have been less carefully and economically made. Trains are more carelessly operated. Supplies are wasted. The aggregate of these little wastes and less efficient work is enormous. There are two causes for this—one an economical fallacy which has spread in recent years, and the other the growth of class feeling.

A man in any trade is inclined to think that making work makes wages. The plumber, when he is called on a job, leaves it in such shape that it will leak and there will be occasion for repairs within a few weeks. The mason does not do his work to last. He takes care that the joints will have to be repointed and some refilling done in two or three years. The railroad engineer knows that a little carlessness on his part will add to the work in the repair shops, and the repair shop machinist knows how to patch a job so that it will come back again in a few months.

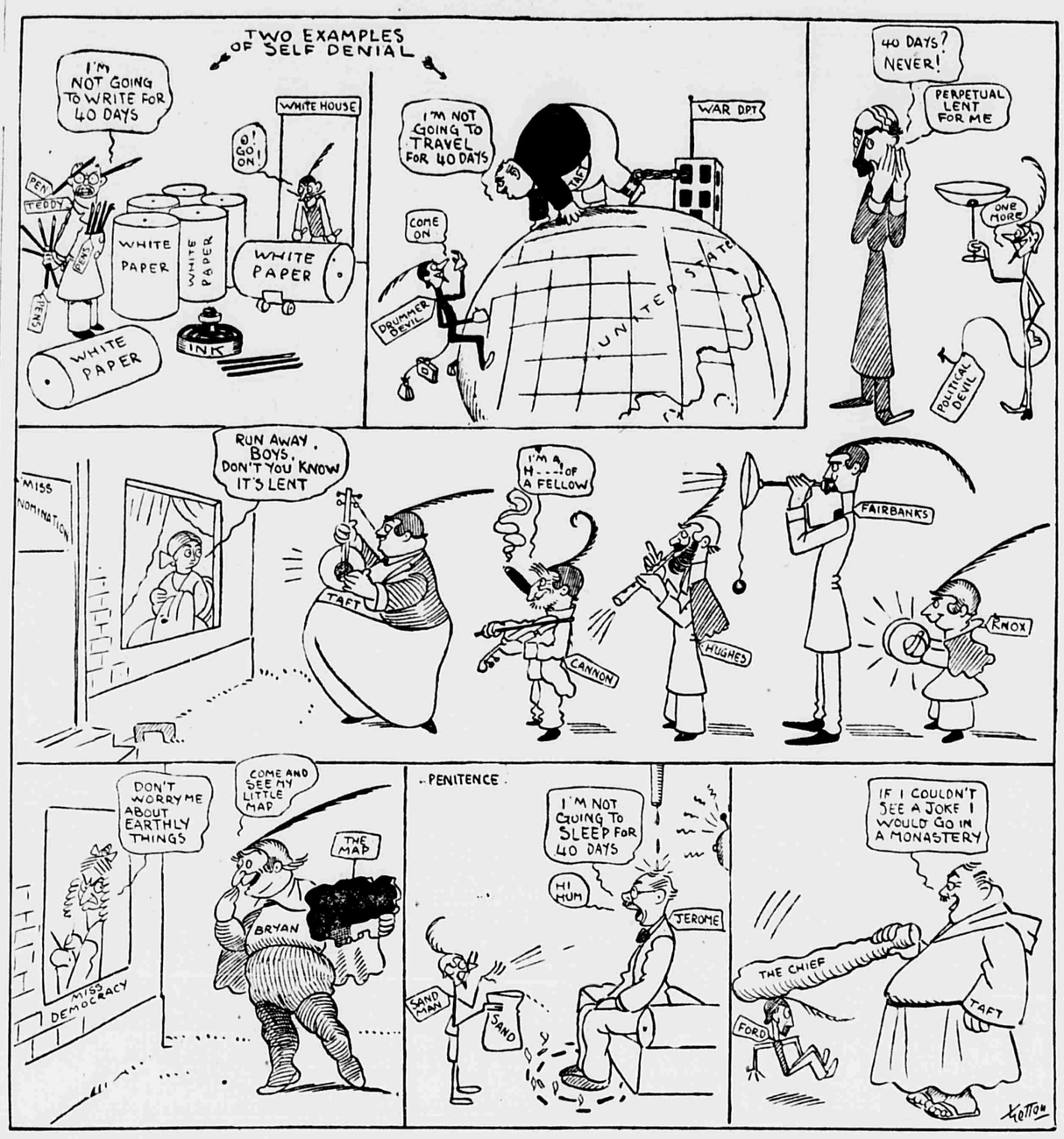
The illogical result is that everybody tries to make more work and that everybody is that much worse off.

If making work were a benefit, the burning of San Francisco would be a good thing because that made work. War would be a good thing because war makes work. The destruction of property would be good because that makes work.

The object of every invention, the whole struggle of mankind from the prehistoric ages, has been to make life easier, to reduce the amount of work and to increase the number of good things that can be got with the same amount of effort. Only by this method can wages be raised, capital be accumulated and mankind have leisure and comfort.

Why Not a Political Lent?

By Maurice Ketten.



In the Game of Matrimony the Man Who Means Business Wins, But a Good Provider Stands a Chance, as Witness Mr. Jarr's Case.

By Roy L. McCardell.


ROY L. McCARDELL

"I WONDER when Clara Mudridge is going to marry and settle down?" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Yes, to be sure," mumbled Mr. Jarr from behind his paper.

"Now, see here, Mr. Jarr!" said Mrs. Jarr bristling up. "You put down that old newspaper! It's a pity you can't be in the house five minutes without having your nose stuck in a newspaper. You'll have it to read on your way downtown."

"I will not," said Mr. Jarr. "You always tell me to leave the paper, that I can get one at the news stand, and when I get there my paper is sold out, or all the morning papers are gone and the evening papers are not uptown yet. So the only chance I get to peek at the morning paper is at breakfast—that is, when you don't get it first!"

"Well, you put it right down," said Mrs. Jarr. "I want to talk to you. I'm sure I have it very pleasant in this house. I get no chance to speak to anybody. Don't you think I might as well be a prisoner in solitary confinement?"

"Oh, all right, all right," said Mr. Jarr, dropping the paper beside him. "Let's have a heart to heart talk. What was it you were saying about the weather?"

"I wasn't talking about the weather at all. I was wondering which one of her beaux Clara Mudridge would marry. She isn't getting any younger, you know? You know as well as I do that we see her everywhere, either with young Pilkins or Charley Stuttler. And anybody can see at a glance that she doesn't care a thing for young Pilkins."

"Then the answer is easy," said Mr. Jarr. "I am not an Egyptian astrologer and crystal gazer, nor old Margery, the Gypsy Queen, but I should say she would marry the happy Mr. Stuttler, seeing, as you say, she doesn't care a thing for the unfortunate Pilkins."

"That shows all you know," said Mrs. Jarr. "Young Pilkins means marriage, and as Clara told me herself, Charley Stuttler is terribly jealous and tells her he would die for her or kill everybody in the world on her account, and of course that is all very complimentary to a single girl, but"—

"But what?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well, he's one of that kind of young men who only hints vaguely at a happy day to come, while young Pilkins has actually proposed and wants her to marry him right off."

"But you say she doesn't care for him?" remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Still, the girl must marry some day," said Mrs. Jarr. "And young Pilkins is easy to manage and will make her a good husband; and besides, don't you see, he really WANTS to marry."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Jarr. "The man who means business gets the girl. As between the beloved who won't toe the scratch and the fellow a woman doesn't care for who will, the outsider beats the favorite!"

"Why, of course!" said Mrs. Jarr. Then she corrected herself. "I mean it's that way sometimes with some girls," she added. "Now, I wouldn't marry the best man on earth if I didn't love him. But, as Clara Mudridge says, young Pilkins is terribly tiresome, but he's a good business man and would be a splendid provider, while Charley Stuttler dances beautifully, but can't even support himself; and so no sensible girl would hesitate."

"Not if she didn't love the good provider?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"How foolish you talk!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "Wouldn't she be the big goose to marry a fellow that couldn't make a living?"

"And where does love come in?" asked Mr. Jarr, with a grin. "You know you often tell me of the chances you had to marry better, and yet you chose me; were you the exception to the rule or was I the fall guy who meant business?"

"I don't know what you mean by your odious slang of 'fall guys,'" replied Mrs. Jarr, "but, if you want to know, I could have done lots better"—here she tossed her head—"lots better. You ask my mother."

"I had to ask your papa," said Mr. Jarr. "But, tell me, since you could have done so much better, why did you take me?"

"I was foolish enough to be fond of you," said Mrs. Jarr, "and"—here her eyes twinkled—"you looked like a good provider."

Gertie Grafte Runs Up a Bill on Bill

By R. E. Dorsey

Letters from the People.

Business or Profession?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Would experienced readers kindly advise a young man whether he should study a profession or enter business? Which offers the better chances?

UNDECIDED.

For "Home-Made" Warships.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I think that the United States Government should build all its warships (gunboats, submarines and all other ships that are used for the protection of the country) in its own navy yards and by its own plans. Under the present system foreign governments, being in possession of plans similar to those of vessels built for the United States, can build the same or study them, so in case of war they will know how to destroy them. I would like to learn what other readers think. B.

"Grinidge" vs. "Greenwitch."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A letter from an Englishman gave the pronunciation of "Greenwich." It was certainly correct from an Englishman's view, if he was speaking of the town in England, but if he is speaking of the town in Connecticut it is wrong. The dictionary gives "Grin-idge" for England and "Greenwitch" for Connecticut. I often hear it mispronounced by old residents of the town in Greenwich.

Stamford, Conn. F. B.

Poultry Raising.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A correspondent wrote a letter relative to chicken farming and the neglected opportunity of something to do. It says, in part: "I have made 300 per cent. and never less than 38." This statement might sound plausible to a tenant living in a Harlem apartment-house, but to a practical poultry-keeper like myself it sounds like: "Just then the alarm went off and I had to get up and hurry for the D., L. and W. train." If any readers attempt to put it to a test they may find it easier to lift themselves in a basket than to make the percentage of profit referred to. J. H. WOODRUFF, breeder.

Athenia, N. J.

Another Pension Grievance.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here is another case where the pension laws might be improved: Our mother died while our father was at the war. When he came back he remarried. His widow receives a pension. She and her children are comfortably clinging to the cinch, while we, sons of the first wife, are left out in the cold. T. B.

1900 Was Not a Leap Year.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Was 1900 a leap year? GEORGE K.

No. 289 Fourth Avenue.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where is the Young Women's Christian Association in New York?

S. S. R.

Population Query.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What are the present populations of Utica and Schenectady?

A. WAGNER.

The population of Utica at the last Census was 56,383. That of Schenectady was 31,682.

Office Boys' Woes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to the letter from a Nassau street office boy, I must say that I sympathize with him in every way. One of the greatest troubles of the office boy is that if he doesn't do as the stenographer tells him he often gets a slip from her that she would like him to hand in his resignation. If he does not do this she often makes things so warm for him in different sneaky ways that he very soon gets the G. B. Let us hear from some other office boys.

OFFICE BOY.

THE WARS OF OUR COUNTRY

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 58.—SPANISH WAR—Part VII. Cervera's Fleet Wiped Out.

"THE Spaniards are coming out of the harbor!"

The "lookout" on the battleship Iowa had scarcely shouted this long-expected warning when the signal, "Clear ships for action!" flashed to the whole blockading fleet. An epoch-making sea fight was beginning.

The United States squadron had for days watched the narrow opening of Santiago harbor as a cat watches a rathole. Within were Cervera's four powerful cruisers—the Almirante Oquendo, Vizcaya, Cristobal Colon and Infanta Maria Teresa—and his two torpedo boat destroyers, the Furor and Pluton. The American troops held the heights about Santiago and negotiations for the town's surrender were under way. Hence Cervera's one chance lay in a dash for the safety of the open sea. Outside the harbor lay a larger, stronger fleet than his own, waiting to destroy him. There was only the barest of forlorn hopes that he could carry any part of his squadron successfully past that mighty armament. Yet he had no other chance. So he staked all on that one desperate cast.

Admiral Sampson, commanding the blockade, steamed away in his flagship New York early on the morning of Sunday, July 3, 1898, for a conference with Gen. Shafter, some miles down the coast, leaving Commodore Schley in command of the squadron. At first sound of firing Sampson hurried back, in time to join in the chase.

It was about 9.30 A. M. that the Sunday quiet was broken by news of the attempt at escape. The vessels of the United States fleet were lying from 4,000 to 6,000 yards off shore. They were the battleships Iowa, Oregon, Texas and Indiana, the cruiser (Schley's flagship) Brooklyn, the "converted yachts" Gloucester and Hist, and the torpedo boat destroyer Vixen.

From within the concealed harbor a curl of smoke rose. It was this that had warned the Iowa's lookout. The shore batteries of Socapa opened sudden fire on the blockaders. The gray nose of a warship poked into sight at the harbor's mouth. Out into the open darted Cervera's flagship, the Teresa. The Oquendo followed; then the Colon and Vizcaya, and, five minutes later, the Pluton and Furor. With bottled steam the fugitives came on, churning the water into mountains of white foam. Near to shore they all ran, headed westward. It was a beautifully executed manoeuvre. The harbor was cleared, seemingly in a moment, and the race was on.

The Dash for Open Sea.

But, swiftly as the rush for freedom was made, the Yankee guns were still quicker. Ship after ship opened fire on the enemy. As the range was found, the projectiles poured in still faster and with more terrible accuracy. Nor were the Spanish cruisers slow to take up the challenge. They retorted with an incessant series of port broadsides that proved more spectacular than damaging. For the Americans had by far the larger, better armament of big guns. The enemy's fire was first concentrated on the Iowa, as she was deemed the strongest Yankee battleship.

The running fight continued, every gun belching forth torrents of shot and shell. The fast Furor and Pluton overtook the first refugees, and hid as best they could behind their larger consorts. But their safety was only momentary. In the first rush of pursuit the Brooklyn narrowly escaped collision with the Texas. But this did not appreciably check the chase.

One of the Spanish cruisers caught fire from a bursting shell. Then a twelve-inch shell from the Iowa struck the Teresa. After the smoke of the explosion cleared away the burning Spanish flagship was seen staggering shoreward.

The Oquendo was next to succumb. She was beached, a blazing wreck, six miles west of the harbor mouth and half a mile east of the Teresa. Her captain, Lasagas, shot himself to avoid the disgrace of surrendering. Ten miles further on the Vizcaya was overhauled. She was in flames, and ran up the white flag.

Meantime the Furor and Pluton were in dire trouble. One of them was struck, early in the action, by a twelve-inch shell. The yachts Gloucester and Hist ran at the two torpedo boats, pelting them from rapid-fire guns and driving them ashore on the rocks, where a party of armed Cubans gleefully waited to finish the wrecked crews. Many Spaniards drowned sooner than to fall into the hands of their Cuban foes.

Now the Colon, alone of all the flying fleet, remained afloat. She was steaming away to westward at top speed, the Americans trailing in her wake and sending shot after shot at the flying hulk. The New York by this time had come up and joined in the hunt. At 1.20 P. M., having run nearly sixty miles, the battered, sinking Colon surrendered and turned her prow shoreward.

The fight was over.

The whole Spanish fleet was captured or sunk. The battle had cost our navy just one life—that of Chief Yeoman Ellis, of the Brooklyn, who was killed by a shell. Another man was wounded. The Spanish lost 353 killed and 151 wounded. Practically all the rest were made prisoners.

The beaten foes were treated with the utmost courtesy. Capt. Evans graciously refused to accept the sword Capt. Eulate, of the Vizcaya, offered him in token of submission. Cervera was received aboard the Iowa with all the impressive naval honors due an Admiral. The warships' boats scoured the sea for wounded or drowning Spaniards and ship stores were ransacked to feed and clothe the hungry, half-naked captives.

The Surrender of Cervera.

The war dragged on for months with no further battles of any especial consequence. Porto Rico and the Philippines were easily captured. Everywhere our arms met with swift victory. On Dec. 10, 1898, a peace treaty was signed. Spain lost all control of Cuba, ceded Porto Rico and sold the Philippines to us for $20,000,000. So ended the Spanish-American war.

It is for posterity to decide how far the war was justified and whether the possession of the turbulent Philippines will prove a curse or a blessing to our country. Those islands for the first few years of United States occupation caused continuous annoyance and expense, the warlike factions proving almost as refractory under our "benevolent assimilation" as under Spain's tyrannical rule. With the fall of the rebel General Aguinaldo a more peaceable era set in.

What the future may evolve—not only from the Filipino natives, but from foreign nations who may covet the islands or seek to use their isolated position as a means of striking at the United States—the future alone can show.

THE END.

"The Luxury of the Rich."

By Charles Johnston.

FOR any one who has imagination, there is a curious and wonderful story behind a "luxurious" bill of fare. Let us begin with the wines; and let us assume that they are genuine, for one can usually have the authentic thing by paying the price for it. The wines on a richly decked table really represent the work of hundreds of French peasants, with their wives and children, who, in the midst of a lovely country, rise early and toil late, with loving and tender care watching over the growth and ripening of the fruit of what is one of the most beautiful and decorative plants in the world. Millions of these thrifty, simple people depend for their well-being and comfort on the constant demand for wines, and for the best and purest, and therefore the most expensive wines. The rich do not compel these people to work; nature compels them to work. What the rich do is to influence the direction in which they shall work, and to bring within their reach all kinds of commodities in exchange for their work. * * *

So other things on the same table represent the well-being, the family comfort, of shepherds in the hills, perhaps, of our own West, or of Wales or Scotland; or the wealth of fishermen on the rivers of Maine, or along our New England coasts; or down South, in the Gulf, or in the oyster-beds at the mouths of our rivers; or, again, the earnings of the hunters along the fringes of the sea marshes, or among the woods and hills, or on the prairies; vigorous, adventurous men, with a warm love of every changing aspect of natural beauty, who are thus able to lead half-wild lives under the fair dome of heaven. It is just this putting in motion of a huge army of folk, scattered over widespread regions, carrying out exacting tasks, that makes the cost of an expensive banquet; and the rich man is simply the factor determining in which of a score of directions a constant stream of resources shall flow, bringing the power to work, and recompense for work, to a varied army of good people all over the world. * * *

The basis of the whole thing is that the richest man in the world cannot spend a penny except by paying some one for something.—Harper's Weekly.

How the Curies Found Radium.

THEY boiled the waste pitchblende for day and days, with water and soda, over a slow fire. They emptied it into barrels and allowed it to settle into a mud, says a writer in the Philadelphia North American of Mme. Sicdowska Curie and her husband, the discoverers of radium. She owns one-half of the world's supply of this marvellous metal. Her stock weighs one centigram—about one-seventh of a grain. They washed the mud and washed it again. Then they boiled it afresh, with carbonate of soda. They let the mud settle anew, and commenced afresh to wash it.

They treated the final sediment with hydrochloric acid, and secured a colorless liquid, which they subjected to a series of reactions and crystallizations, followed by refinings and re-refinings, until in the end they had several infinitely tiny flakes. And these were radium.

In the course of their experiments they discovered polonium, named for Mme. Curie's native land, and actinium, as well as radium.